A

POEM

ON THE

PEACE.

Inſcribed to the moſt Honorable

ROBERT, Earl of *OXFORD*, &c.

LONDON:

Printed by JOHN BAGNYER, on *London-Hill*, and are to be Sold by JOHN MORPHEW, near *Stationers-Hall*.

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ROBERT,

Earl of *Oxford*, and Earl *Mortimer*,

Lord High-Treaſurer of *Great-Britain.*

----- *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.* Virg.

By BEVILL HIGGONS, Eſq;

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A POEM

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Inſcribed to the moſt Honorable

ROBERT, Earl of *OXFORD*, &c.

WHILE no Repulſe thy Courage can abate,
Or Danger cool thy Zeal to ſave the State;
By Heav'n inſpir'd, thy Councils Heav'n muſt pleaſe,
Nor are they longer Councils, but Decrees.
For this glad Day each grateful *Briton* bows,
And reſcu'd *Europe* pays her thankful Vows.

If for each Life preſerv'd, as *Rome* decreed,
A Civick Crown were the Preſervers Meed,
Not *Albion*'s Oaks, tho' ſtript of all their Boughs,
Can furniſh Garlands to adorn thy Brows.

Diſdain not now what *Atticus* embrac'd,
Great *Scipio* cheriſh'd, and *Auguſtus* grac'd.
The *Muſe* in ev'ry Age the Vertuous prize,
The *Muſe*, Companion to the Great and Wiſe.
Tho' Princes Honours grant, and Titles give,
Thoſe Titles only by her Sanction live;
In Brazen Leaves ſhe graves the *Hero*'s Name;
Guardian of Honour, *Regiſter* of Fame.
Records deſtroy'd, and all thy Patents loſt,
This laſting *Page* Eternity ſhall boaſt.

A Potent Faction, turbulent and bold,
With undiſputed Sway had long Controul'd;
The Nation plunder'd to ſupport their State,
And bought their Greatneſs with their Country's Fate.
When *Britain* long with numerous Wrongs oppreſt,
Now ſaw thoſe Evils which ſhe wiſh'd Redreſt;
Her Treaſures ſpent, her Blood like Water ſpilt,
While both ſo ill employ'd increas'd the Guilt;
A long Decay her periſh'd Vitals feel,
And balmy PEACE her Wounds cou'd only heal;
PEACE ſhe demanded: but her Sons deny'd,
And more extorted, as ſhe more ſupply'd;
Againſt her Honour, and her Rights combin'd
In Leagues abroad to both deſtructive join'd;

Some Pow'rs they bought, Themſelves to others ſold,
Brib'd, and were Brib'd again with foreign Gold.
Thus private Views deſtroy'd the Publick Good,
And Strangers reap'd the Fruits of Britiſh Blood.

No Spoils of *Iſter*, *Moſa*, nor the *Sceld*,
Their Av'rice cloy'd, or Rage of *Empire* quell'd;
Abroad ſupported, they at Home give Law,
Forget their Duty and their *Sov'raign* Awe;
Treat Kingly Pow'r and Heav'n with equal Pride,
Who ſcorns the Gift, the Giver will deride.
They both alike unneceſſary deem'd,
For never yet was Rebel, but Blaſphem'd.

This HARLEY ſaw, and touch'd with gen'rous Grief,
Flew to his Country's, and his QUEEN's Relief;
Their mutual Good purſu'd with ſteady View,
And on his Head the Faction's Vengeance drew.
Long, like a Rock, unmov'd the *Patriot* ſtood,
And bravely ſtem'd the ſtrong impetuous Flood
Till Threats at laſt and Inſolence prevail'd,
When black Deſigns and Subornation fail'd.
Him ST. JOHN follow'd, proud to be Diſgrac'd,
With HARCOURT join'd, the Gen'rous Cauſe embrac'd.
HARCOURT! whoſe ſtrict Uprightneſs clears the Land,
No Scales were ever held with ſteadier Hand.

Him

Him Factious Senates from his Right displac'd,
Conviction brav'd, and Truth her self out-fac'd;
Their Guilt was only greater than their Fear,
Which stop'd the charming Voice they durst not hear;
Tho' mild Commanding, and with Softness strong,
While *Hybla*'s Sweets melt on his flowing Tongue.

Thus Vertue suffer'd while the Faction sway'd,
And all the Good were equally afraid:
The Leader's Fate intimidates the rest;
So uncontroul'd they Plunder'd and Oppress.

But bounteous Heav'n distrest *Europa* saw,
A Prey to Rapine, and the Sword give Law;
Her Sons destroy'd, her pop'lous Cities raz'd,
Their Altars pillag'd, and their Shrines defac'd.
Whole Countries waste, where once ripe Harvests stood,
And where Manur'd at all, Manur'd with Blood.
Almighty Pow'r felt Pity move his Breast,
Bright *Raphael* call'd, and thus the Charge express;
Fly, *Raphael*, fly, and ere it is too late,
Preserve the Remnant, and reverse their Fate.
Britannia's QUEEN to Tenderness inclin'd,
Assumes to *France* a more pacifick Mind;
Let *Bourbon* know the certain Terms of Peace,
And shew the Means to make these Evils cease.

And

The *Seraph* bows, thro' *Æther* cuts his way,
And leaves the Regions of Eternal Day.
And now to gain in mortal Shape acceſs,
Borrows thy Perſon, ST. JOHN, and Addreſs;
Pleas'd with the goodly Form, ſo near his own,
The *Cherub* hardly from himſelf was known;
Like BOLINGBROKE, in all with Joy he flies,
Youth, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Voice, and Eyes;
Nor was he injur'd by the bright Diſguiſe.

Where, warlike *Franks* from *Sala* and the *Main*,
Tranſplanted ſettl'd round the Banks of *Sein*;
Verſailles aloft her Golden Turrets rears,
And like Enchantment the gay Scene appears.
Let Fame no more her *Syrian* Gardens boaſt;
Heſperian Fables here in Truth are loſt.
Since Earth was blighted, and by Heav'n accurſt,
This *Eden* only can approach the firſt;
A new Creation ſeems in ev'ry part,
And vanquiſh'd Nature is a Slave to Art,
Here thirſty Sands with plenteous Springs abound,
And naked Rocks with verdant Groves are crown'd;
Fictitious Seas feel a diſſembl'd Tide,
Falſe *Piſons* murmur, and *Euphrates* glide.

Here in his Loſſes great the Monarch lay,
Like ſome vaſt Pile Majeſtick in Decay;
Stretch'd on his *Tyrian* Beds invited Reſt,
But gloomy Cares diſturb'd his anxious Breaſt;
When thus the *Seraphim* the Silence broke,
And with a graceful Air, like St. John's, ſpoke.

Attend, O *Bourbon*, and receive thy Doom,
From *Britain*'s Queen by Heav'n's Command I come.
In Peace let *Auſtria* wear his * Iron Crown,
The trembling *Lombard* dread his awful Frown.
His dear-bought Lands let crafty *Savoy* keep,
And underneath his *Alpes* in Safety ſleep.
Her Realms ſecure let *Luſitania* hold,
And add *Braſilian* Mines to *Tagus* Gold.
By ſtrong Barriers let *Belgia* guarded be,
And only fear her ancient Foe the Sea;
Then laſting Friendſhip ſhall your Nations join,
And *Bourbon* be preferr'd to *Auſtria*'s Line;
The *Dutch* then grateful ſhall confeſs, tho' late,
The Aid thy Grandſire gave their Infant-State;
And *France* no more her Succours ſhall repent,
Than *Britain* thoſe the great *Eliza*' lent.
Be this thy Fate: Thus *ANNE* and Heav'n declare,
This yielded, ceaſes the Deſtructive War:

* The Emperor, as King of *Lombardy*, is Crown'd with an Iron Crown.

There

Then haraſs'd *Gaul* her fertile Head ſhall rear,
The Sword no longer dread, or Famine fear;
His faithful *Spaniards Philip* ſhall enjoy,
And leave his Crowns to his *Aſturian* Boy.
He ſpoke: The Monarch bow'd his awful Head,
Himſelf collected, and ſubmiſſive ſaid,
Let this be done; Thy QUEEN has triumph'd more
Now by her Goodneſs, than her Arms before;
Expecting Nations her Deciſion wait,
Let her Decrees be mine, and *Europe*'s Fate.

The Bar's remov'd, a welcome Truce ſucceeds,
And now no more the valiant *Briton* bleeds.
Ambition glutted quits at laſt the Field,
And ſtruggling Nations to be happy, yield;
Lo! Factious Men with Bluſhes now enjoy
Fruits of that Peace, they labour'd to deſtroy;
Their Murmurs ſpent, and all pretence to Blame,
No other Paſſion can remain, but Shame.
While HARLEY's Breaſt with conſcious Virtue glows,
His Patience triumphs, and defeats his Foes,
Men ſee that Wiſdom they oppos'd ſo long,
And own their Folly to repair the Wrong.

Thus, when in Search of Worlds *Columbus* ſail'd,
Unmov'd he ſtood, when meaner Courage fail'd;

In

In Floods unknown new Scenes of Horror riſe,
New Monſters frighten, and new Storms ſurprize;
Thunders unheard before the Welkin rend,
And Clouds intire in dreadful Spouts deſcend.
The heartleſs Crew ſurrender to their Fear;
No Voice regard, and no Perſuaſion hear;
No Hopes cou'd make, of Empire or of Gold,
Th' ambitious brave, or avaricious bold.
The gallant Man to Slaves a Suitor ſtands,
While Cowards ſcarce refrain their impious Hands.
But when they ſaw the promis'd World appear,
Their Tranſport only cou'd exceed their Fear;
On the glad Scene they fix'd their raviſh'd Eyes,
While Seas ſubſide, and growing Mountains riſe;
Abaſh'd, confounded, and ſtruck mute with Shame,
Each other ſeem'd with conſcious Looks to blame;
Their humble Necks with low Obeiſance bent,
Till guſhing Tears give ſtruggling Accents Vent;
Then ſuppliant all the God-like Man implore,
And worſhip now whom they outrag'd before.

Hark! the glad News arrives, Men ceaſe to Pray,
And to Thankſgiving turn the mournful * Day,
With Nitre fill'd, Hark! the loud Engines roar,
And tell the Joy to ev'ry diſtant Shore;

* *Good-Friday*, on which Day the News of the Peace arriv'd.

Sulphu-

Sulphureous Flames borne on the Wings of Air,
In Heav'n's own Voice, the Gift of Heav'n declare.

Tranſported *Thames*, exulting as he runs,
Imparts the Bliſs to all his Nymphs and Sons,
Twede, oft diſtain'd with *Pict* and *Saxon* Blood,
The *Trent* and *Ouſe* both loſt in *Humber*'s Flood,
The *Avon* famous for his *Tyrian* Dye,
The rapid *Severne* and the gentler *Wye*,
Of Weſtern Nymphs the moſt renown'd by Fame,
And beauteous *Vaga* was her ancient Name,
To *Merlin* known; oft on her Banks he walk'd
When with his *Genii* and his Gods he talk'd;
Oft in her Springs he bath'd, with Viſions fir'd,
And with prophetick Rage her Breaſt inſpir'd.
With Joy ſhe now revolves her ancient Dreams,
And ſummons all her tributary Streams;
The *Cambrian* Nymphs around the Call obey,
And wonted Homage to the Goddeſs pay.

When thus ſhe ſpoke: Ye lov'd *Silurian* Swains,
Ye Fauns, and Nymphs that haunt theſe flow'ry Plains,
Attend my Voice; next *Anne*, and bounteous Heav'n,
My Son, my HARLEY has this Bleſſing giv'n;
HARLEY! who now ſucceeds that ancient Race,
Who wore their Honours by *Matilda*'s Grace;

Fate opens now a more extended Scene,
A greater Subject, and a greater QUEEN;
A longer Race of Heroes ſhall be told,
To wear the *George*, and dignify the Gold,
While *Veres* extinct no longer ſhall repine,
Since thus ſucceeded by their Kindred Line.

His Conduct former Errors has redreſt;
His Dangers Safety give, his Labours Reſt.
Torn from the Plough by Ruffian hands no more,
The peaceful Hind ſhall quit his native ſhore,
Behind him leave the Comforts of his Life,
His helpleſs Infants, and his tender Wife:
Britons no more like Slaves be bought and ſold,
To daub their Leaders ſhining Veſts with Gold.

But now thoſe hands accuſtom'd to deſtroy,
The Arts of Peace in uſeful Works employ.
The pious Senate has new Temples giv'n,
And the firſt Debt they paid, was paid to Heav'n:
The Spade ſucceeds the Sword; the vig'rous Swains
New Quarries ope', and rend their flinty Veins;
The ſtony *Portland* ſends her maſſy Blocks,
For us *Liguria* cuts her Marble Rocks.

See the round Domes, and Cones that touch the Skies,
While in their Orders rang'd the Columns riſe;
The ſturdy *Tuſcan* with a ruſtick Grace,
And artleſs Pomp, leans on his maſſy Baſe;
The graceful *Dorick* with a manly Pride,
The neat *Ionick* deck'd like modeſt Bride,
Reveals the Beauties, which ſhe ſeems to hide.
The gay *Corinthian* next, whoſe wanton Dreſs
And *Lais* Air the Courtezan confeſs;
The *Compound* various, and by each expreſt,
Together blends the Beauties of the reſt.
Now duly pois'd, o'er-hangs the well-arch'd Vault,
With bold *Relieve*, and rich *Moſaick* wrought,
To make the Marble breath, and Colours live,
At once the Chiſſel and the Pencil ſtrive.
Here ſuppliant Crouds for *ANNA* Heav'n invoke,
For *ANNA*'s Life the new-rais'd Altars ſmoak,

The Merchant now ſhall ſail with every Breeze,
And fear no Dangers, but from Winds and Seas.
His yearly Fleets *Silurian* HARLEY ſends,
And unknown Nations makes *Britannia*'s Friends.
Lo! to the Torrid Zone they joyful ply,
Leave Fogs behind, and meet a brighter Sky;
See o'er their Heads new Conſtellations ſhine,
And void of Shadows, paſs the Burning Line;

Where

Where *Phœbus* Darts direct his pointed Ray,
And Night in equal Ballance holds with Day,
Thence to the Pole Antartick ſlowly bend,
Behold the *Croſier* riſe, and *Bear* deſcend.
Now paſs the *Streights* by the *Caſtilian* found,
Nor more by him than our Great *Drake* renown'd,
Drake, the Succeſſor of his Courſe and Fame,
To *Britain* juſtly gave the ſecond Claim.
And now our Oaks in the *Pacifick* Tide,
With pointed Prows the lazy Waves divide;
Chileſe no more for fear their Dwellings leave,
But ancient Foes, like welcome Friends receive;
In Songs their Olive Nymphs ſound *ANNA*'s Fame,
And *Andes*' Rocks repeat the glorious Name.

Nor is our Traffick bound to Southern Shores,
The skilful *Briton* unknown Seas explores;
To *India* cuts a more compendious way,
Purſues the Sun, and overtakes the Day.

Now ſpicy Iſles no more ſhall uſeleſs be,
Where *Britons* come, all like themſelves are Free.
One Nation's Av'rice ſhall no more * Deſtroy
(Leaſt others reap) what they cannot Enjoy.

* The *Dutch*, in the *Eaſt-Indies*, after they have got their own Cargo, ſend Soldiers to deſtroy the Spice, that other Nations may not gather it.

See the glad Sailor range thoſe happy Seas,
And ev'ry Senſe with grateful Objects pleaſe;
While from each Rock a fragrant breath exhales,
And *Eurus* fans with aromatick Gales;
While balmy Winds in his ſwell'd Canvas play,
Without the Magnet ſteer, and ſwell the Way ‡ Smell
To *Banda*, *Ternate*, and the green *Tidore*,
Amboyna purple ſtill with *Engliſh* Gore;
The fruitful Iſle for fragrant Bark eſteem'd
The modern *Ceylon*, ancient *Ophir* deem'd.

Arriv'd, with Joy he ſtrips the blooming Groves,
Rakes ſpicy Heaps, and piles the budding Cloves;
The racy Root, and the ambroſial Rind,
The musky Nut in macy Husk enſhrin'd.
While Fruits delicious, and ſalubrious Air,
His Strength recover, and his Health repair,
His Limbs no more ſcorbutick Pains endure,
At once he finds his Profit and his Cure.

Thence to the Realms the yellow *Ganges* laves,
And purer *Indus* with his ſacred Waves;
Where in their Beds the fluid Gellies lie,
Till *Phœbus* hardens and imparts the Dye.
Here Monarchs high on Thrones, ador'd like Gods,
While bowing Nations wait their dreadful Nods,

Of *Britain's* QUEEN with Awe and Pleaſure hear,
Her Thunder dread, and Majeſty revere;
Her Right o'er Seas by humble Tribute own,
And ſend their Jewels to adorn her Throne.

While rolling Orbs their Revolutions keep,
Tides flowing ſwell, and ebbing ſink the Deep.
While *Cynthia* ſilent Arbitreſs of Night
Shall Monthly loſe, and Monthly gain her Light.
While Leaden *Saturn* his ſlow Courſe ſhall run,
And deck'd with radiant Ring creep round the Sun.
Round Golden *Jove* while various Moons ſhall wheel,
Alternate hide, and then their Beams reveal.
While unattended *Mars* is doom'd to Night,
Without the Aid of any borrow'd Light.
While *Earth* diurnal on her Ax ſhall roll,
And ſlow *Bootes* guard the Artick Pole.
While *Venus* ſetting ſhall the Weſt adorn,
And riſing chaſe the Stars and lead the Morn,
Now Golden ſeem, then take a paler Hue,
And *Cynthia*-like, her waning Horns renew.
While ſcorch'd *Mercurius* feels eternal Steams,
And hides his glowing *Diſc* in *Phœbus* Beams,
To diſtant Worlds ſhall *ANNA*'s Fame be known,
And *Banquo*'s Race poſſeſs the *Britiſh* Throne.

But

But if, thro' doom of unrelenting Fate,
She, like to Gods, muſt yet have mortal Date,
Slow may the Sands of ebbing Life be ſpent,
When Heav'n reſumes, what Heav'n has only lent;
May both, ye Pow'rs, of Time one Period know,
ANNE ceaſe to breath, and *Vaga* ceaſe to flow.

Thus far the *Muſe* without Ambition ſings,
And skims the Shore to ſave her waxen Wings;
Some nobler Genius with a Voice ſublime,
Muſt dauntleſs fathom the dark Depths of Time;
Some bolder *Muſe* the vaſt Abyſs explore,
The God reſtrains, and we can ſing no more.

Thou, GRANVILLE, only can'ſt this Province fill,
In thee is Nature, what in others Skill;
Lov'd Son of *Phœbus*, touch the trembling Lyre,
The Siſters all attend to fill the Quire:
Thou only equal can'ſt the Task ſuſtain,
Immortal *ANNE*, and Her immortal Reign.

FINIS.

But if, thro' doom of unrejecting Fate,
She, like to Gods, mufh yet have mortal Date,
Slow may the Sands of ebbing Life be fpent,
When Heav'n refumes what Heav'n has only lent:
May both, ye Pow'rs, of Time one Period know,
ANNE ceafe to breath, and Virgo ceafe to flow.

Thus far the Muſe without Ambition ſings,
And ekins the Shore to fave her waxen Wings;
Some nobler Genius with a Voice fublime,
Muſt dauntleſs fathom the dark Depths of Time;
Some bolder Muſe the wafte Abyſs explore,
The God returns, and we can ſing no more.

Thou, GRANVILLE, only can'ſt this Province fill,
In thee is Nature, what in others Skill;
Lov'd Son of Peace, touch the trembling Lyre,
The Sifters all attend to fill the Quire:
Thou only equal can'ſt the Task fuſtain,
Immortal ANNE, and Her immortal Reign.

FINIS.

But